



# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

**APRIL  
1962**







FOURTEENTH Air Force B-25's strike at a Jap-held base in the China Sea. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 16, No. 4

April, 1962

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED at the Post Office at Laurens, Iowa, under act of March 3, 1879.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$3.00 per Year Foreign: \$4.00 per Year  
\$5.50 Two Years \$7.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **How many** Americans served in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II? That question is asked by Victor M. Tamashunas, assistant professor of industrial engineering at Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa, in a letter to Ex-CBI Roundup: "I have been interested in determining the number of military personnel that served in the CBI. As a result, I wrote my Congressman, Hon. Neal Smith, with an inquiry. He answered that no compilation exists, but that on October 31, 1944, one week after the theater was split, there were 159,414 officers and men in the China and the India-Burma theaters. I believe that arrivals were heavy during the latter part of 1944 and the remaining war months of 1945. My own estimate would be somewhere between one-fourth million and one-third million. Anyone have any data?"

● **Cover photo** shows Pvt. Linus Rahman and Pfc. Hugo J. Wagner, both from Ferdinand, Ind., with the Galahad Forces, comparing Japanese souvenirs taken in battle. U. S. Army photo taken in August 1944.

● **Last month** we expressed disappointment at the response to our announcement about Roundup binders, which appeared for the first time in the February issue. Apparently it was only a delayed response . . . before the March issue was in the mail, the orders started pouring in. It was an overwhelming vote in favor of more binders; we placed the order at once and are now making deliveries from the new stock! Thanks for your many orders.

APRIL, 1962



William R. Eich

● Have been informed of the death on June 9, 1961, of William R. Eich of Brookfield, Ill., who served in India and Burma for 34 months. He was a member of the 479th Engineer Maintenance Co. I know many of his friends will be sorry to hear about this.

LOUIS J. PANEPINTO, Jr.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Charles M. MacCallum

● Sadly learned last Christmas time that Charles M. MacCallum, Worthington, Ohio, died of cancer Feb. 7, 1961. "C-Mac," as we called him, was with our signal outfit, arriving in India on March 12, 1942, and later with the formation and operation of "JGTA," Delhi. "C-Mac" was a cryptographer and a T/Sgt. with a responsible job in our code department at "Radio City," New Delhi. I hope that some of the Delta Signal Wogs are readers of Ex-CBI Roundup.

JOHN E. SEIFERT,  
DeWitt, Iowa



FRUIT MARKET at Tezpur, Assam, India, with merchants displaying their wares on the street. Photo by Leroy Hendrickson.





TYPICAL Indian bridge between Telpur and Gauhati. Bridges like this would often wash out during the monsoon season, and ferries would be used until another bridge could be built. Photo by Leroy Hendrickson.

#### CBI Entertaining

● Keeping up the CBI spirit, my wife and I recently invited two Indian students from Bombay, who are attending Marquette University here in Milwaukee, to our home for dinner and a social evening. Having spent time in India during World War II, we had much common ground to discuss. It was very interesting obtaining their views on Ghandi, Pakistan, our country, etc. They were both strict Moslems who do not eat meat, but my wife was well prepared and the meal went off without a hitch. On the Chinese New Year, we had a Chinese New Year party at our house with seven "party type" couples attending. Our home was decorated with Chinese lanterns, the Chinese god of the harvest mounted above the fireplace (and burned at midnight according to tradition), authentic Chinese New Year's greetings, etc. My wife and I wore authentic Chinese robes, and some of the guests arrived in costume also. Charades consisted of Confucius sayings—'nuf sed! Saki was served and chow mein (complete with chopsticks), Chinese fortune cookies, etc., for lunch. Needless to say, a wonderful time was had by all.

BILL WEIX,  
Waukesha, Wis.

#### Two Deaths Reported

● Have been informed of the deaths of two CBIers from this area. Ray Pauzer, 39, of Kulpmont, Pa., died early in January. I do not know the outfit he served with. John Mason of Pittsburgh, Pa., died Dec. 28, 1961. He was a master sergeant in the 280 Sig. Pgn. Co. in India, having taken his training at Camp Claiborne, La. Our deepest sympathy to their families and friends.

CALVIN FERTIG,  
Shamokin, Pa.

JARRY HEUSER,  
San Francisco, Calif.



DRIVERS of convoy on the Ledo and Burma Roads stop to inspect idol at Nankham. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M.D.

#### George Washington

● Noted the letter in the last issue (March) in re Army Transport George Washington. Hope you run a picture of this old ship.

BILL MATHIESEN,  
Elmhurst, Ill.

*Could anybody send us a picture of this ship?—Eds.*

#### 7th Bomb Reunion

● A big reunion has been planned for June 25-28 at Hoberg's Resort, north of San Francisco, for all veterans of the 7th Bombardment Group (H)—Group Hq., 9th, 436th, 492nd, 493rd Squadrons, as well as the 11th and 22nd Squadrons originally assigned the Group when leaving the States for "Plum" in November 1941. This promises to be the best of all. Among those planning to attend are our former Group C.O., "Nick" Necrason (now Major General and C.G. of 28th Air Division, SAGE, at nearby Hamilton AFB); John Suggs and R. O. "Nelly" Nelson, well known to all 7th Bombers. Write reservations immediately to Wes Cox, 873 Atherton Ave., Novato, Calif.



### Recalled Memories

● The account of the maiden voyage of the General Randall by R. L. Putnam of Atlanta, Ga., recalled memories. I guess both of us were aboard that trip. Hope to be in Buffalo in August, and would like to hear from some of the old gang from Landhi Field, outside of Karachi.

WILLIAM HARP,  
308 Chappell St.,  
Oneida, N. Y.

### Prods Fading Memory

● Even though I have been reading the magazine a long time, the pictures and stories in each new issue are just as fascinating as ever. This is true even though I never run across the names of any of the fellows I met in the CBI. Your magazine helps prod a fading memory on places and persons. Your pictures and items on the ships that took us there are interesting to me because I was in Bombay for almost seven months and many of

the ships you mention docked while I was there. However, no information has appeared in any publication that I have ever seen about the ship that we went over on. Actually there were two of them, escort carriers built by Kaiser at Bremerton, Wash. They were the Wake Island and the Mission Bay. This was their first trip, and we left New York about the middle of February 1944. The ships carried stripped-down planes and since there was no flight crew there was room for about 300 GI's. We stopped at Recife, Brazil, and Capetown, South Africa. It would be interesting, indeed, to hear something about the further travels of the USS Wake Island as I have never seen any reference to it anywhere. I wish I had some interesting item to contribute to your magazine. Keep up the good work which merits a "thank you" from everyone who was in the CBI.

FRANK SCANNELL,  
Cambridge, Mass.

### Great Story

● Billy Todd Lambert has written a great story in your March issue. I found it very good reading. She has a refreshing style that "takes" the reader along with her. Keep up the good work!

CLYDE H. COWAN,  
Seattle, Wash.

### CBIers in Parade

● Twenty-two members of the General George W. Slinney Basha, CBIVA, took part in the recent Chinese New Year parade which ushered in the Year of the Tiger, 4660. More than 250,000 persons jammed Chinatown to watch the parade. The CBIVA unit accompanied a float built on a Jeep that was a salute to the Flying Tigers. We received a big hand and the kids cheered. They also got a big kick out of the Burmese and Hindu costumes, etc. Next year I guess we should import Chuck Stacy to get a real hand!

RAY KIRKPATRICK,  
San Francisco, Calif.



SHIPS ON THE C.B.I. RUN . . . No. 14 in a Series

Another of the many ships that helped transport troops to and from the China-Burma-India Theater was the Marine Devil, pictured above. Photo by Leroy Hendrickson.



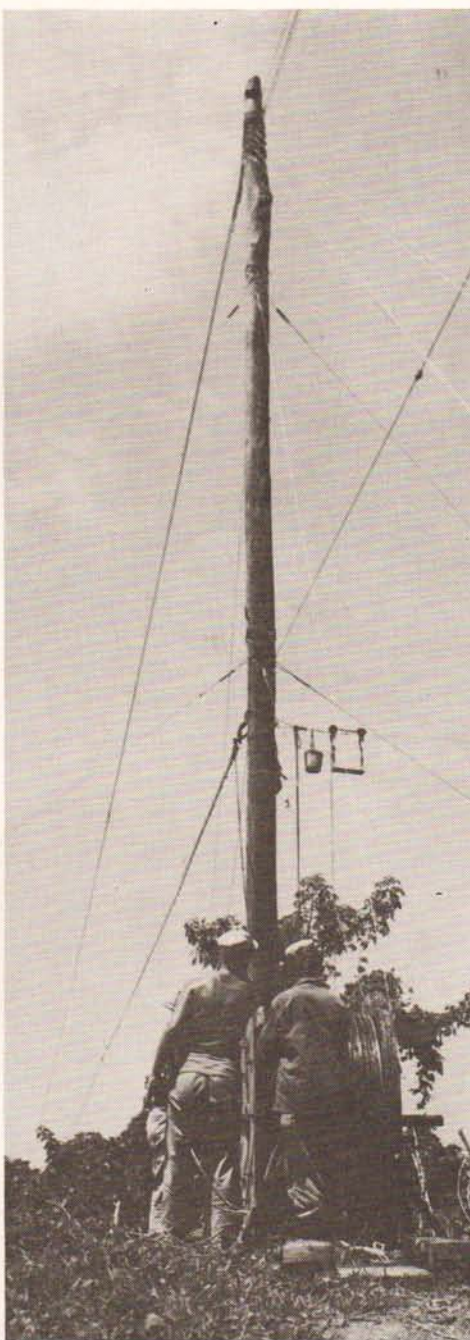
# Copper to Kunming

*Although we've done considerable checking, we've been unable to find out who wrote this interesting account of the building of a telephone line 1,800 miles long, carrying 17,000 miles of wire. Ed Bernard brought the story home with him when he left CBI in 1946 . . . we believe you will enjoy it.*

Now it can be told. Now that the little smiling men, their smiles frozen by defeat, have brought their little bouquets to Manila as to their own funeral, it can be set forth. Now that they have knuckled under to Uncle Sam and his boys, to the inexhaustible patience of the Chinese, to the jungle-stalking Colonials of Lord Mountbatten's command, to the shattering destruction of the split atom, the story can be told at last. It's an account of the "impossible" telephone line which walks today in giant strides across a wilderness to China with copper on its shoulders.

It's a story more of sweat than of blood, though blood there was. It's a tale filled with the weariness that makes a man wish to God he could crawl off into the jungle and sleep, and to hell with the leeches. It's an account of how thousands of men—GI's from L. A. and Tuscaloosa; from Kennebunkport and Harlem and Big Springs and Walla Walla; foot soldiers from Peiping and Chengtu; Pioneers from the Punjab and Madras; coolies from Orissa and Travancore—worked and suffered, worked and fought, some of them worked and died. Yes, there are chapters of Jap snipers creeping along the jungle tracks. And over it all is the story of how a great nation might have died aborning if the surgery of military engineering had failed to find a way to feed it with strength, give it a nerve system leading to the outer world of friends and factories and fighting skills.

The story begins with the day Uncle Joe Stilwell came out of the Burma jungle with what was left of Allied forces. The Japs had blitzed southeast Asia to seal China into what Tokyo believed, and the world feared, was her own tomb. General Stilwell was grim under his hat when he told correspondents, "We took a hell of a beating." They knew he meant it when he said we'd be going back. The story of the



MEMBERS of Company A, 96th Signal Battalion, replace the original "H" fixture which carries 165 copper wire across the Irawaddy River, a distance of 2,300 feet, with a catenary and a 26 pair lead-covered cable for communications between China and Myitkyina. U. S. Army photo.



telephone line is part of the story of the return trip.

To get the whole picture in your head, you've got to look back a little, so you can understand why this line was necessary.

In 1942 it looked like the world was going to hell in a handbasket. The Desert Fox, with Africa Korps, was panting at the gates to Egypt, headed for the Suez Canal. Von Paulus, with the mightiest show yet put in the field by the Wehrmacht, was laying confident siege to Stalingrad, on his way to Persia and the cotton fields of India. The Japs were a plague of locusts across coastal China, Indo-China, the Malay States, Thailand, Burma and the islands of the southern seas, and were already putting the blight of their touch on the edges of Assam. With a map and a glimmer of global strategy you could get the pitch right away; the Nazis would march from the west, the Japs from the east. They'd meet, say, at the best bar in Delhi. Then they'd settle down, like a python digesting a hapless nannygoat and take their time about knocking off the rest of the earth. Which by this time they'd have where the hair is short.

But even before time for the date in Delhi, it looked like the jig was up for China. All the doors were shut, like one of those gas chambers at Lublin. The Chinese couldn't get out. Their friends couldn't get in. Without help she would die, the Japs would move in, and then Axis would have an immense continental base from which to carry on their evil business.

Loss of China would have added billions, and years, and untold lives to the war burdens of the United Nations. We had to help China to help ourselves.

On paper the problem was plain enough. Solving it was something else. It was to get supplies and gasoline—military energy—pumped into the veins of a prostrate ally before it was too late. At first they tried ferrying the stuff over the Hump. Gas, mules, guns, everything. For two reasons this didn't turn the trick. One was that there weren't ships enough. Another was that, while the stuff went overhead, the Japs were on the jungle floor inching their way east. They'd have to be pushed out to free China's southern flank where the air terminals lay, and they'd have to be driven out of Burma eventually in any case.

To get the Japs out of Burma, Stilwell had to have supplies. To get him those supplies there had to be a road where no road was. To get gas up to the trucks using the road, to the bulldozers building the road, to the planes and vehicles of the combat command, and eventually to the

airfields of China, there had to be a pipeline. To keep the pumping stations in touch, and the road engineer outfits in touch, and Stilwell in touch with his supply base in the rear, there had to be a telephone line.

And there you have the reason why the poles had to march across the mountains, leap the gorges, wade across the swampy valleys. And you know why the chess game of "military necessity" moved the 23rd Signal Heavy Construction Battalion from half a world away to perform the daily chores of keeping the poles in the air and the wires singing for a thousand miles.

In December, 1942, a handful of Signalmen crawled out of a third class B & A Railroad carriage at Ledo, shook off the roaches and stiffness, set up a switchboard and spun the first thin strands of a wire web now stretching into China. A few weeks later part of the 835th Signal Battalion—now the 3199th—joined them and linked Ledo with Lekhapane, where Quartermaster, Ordnance and Engineer depots were being built to support Uncle Joe's return engagement. Just beyond, at what is now the 10 Mile mark, lay Tokyo Corner, highwater mark of the Japanese advance into India.

Soon the 835th was joined by the 430th—now the 445th—and the 96th Signal Heavy Construction Battalions, the first Negro, the second white, on whose shoulders was to fall the greatest weight of an undertaking whose burdens they could not imagine when they detrained. The road had got started out of Ledo into the far Naga Hills which geographers call the Patkai Mountains, a spur of the Himalayas, beyond which lay the broad wet lowland of the Hukawng Valley. The pipeline was reaching out rapidly across the Brahmaputra Valley to the teafields of Assam. It was high time to start the wire net which was needed locally to knit together the several operations. So the 835th, working at first with British equipment, rehabilitated a British line and extend it with construction changed to U. S. specifications. Their objective was the 37 Mile Mark. The 430th was sent ahead to build from that point into Loglai at Mile 51. Before them rose the 5,000-foot summit of Pangsau Pass at the Burma border, and the first of the killing struggles with the mountains.

By July of '43 the decision to connect India and Kunming with wire was made as part of the Allied strategy in this theater. At the same time, a piece of the 96th was detached to ride on Stilwell's heels as he advanced into enemy territory, giving him contact with the rear with field wire and spiral-4 cable. By Christmas construction crews were scattered like



beads along tortuous Naga trails all the way to Nathkaw. There some distance southeast of the road trace at Tagap, combat was hanging up a stocking for the Jap.

It had been a rough deal, any way you look at it. Tools and hardware were mad-deningly scarce, and spread so thin that the admonition, "Improvise!" at first a joke, became a hated but necessary word. The first poles were hauled out of Ledo. Borrowed trailers were hooked onto any truck headed for the hills—ration trucks, mail trucks, anything. But the mortality of poles and trailers was so high at the hands of drivers on other missions that finally GMC 6x6 chassis were cut apart and Signal mechanics built their own trailers.

But you couldn't truck poles up and down 75 degree slopes to where the right-of-way now soared away from the road, now dived far below its hairpin turns. Here the grade requirements called for sticks ranging from 20 to 70 feet in length, and these were cut and barked, their butts painted with asphalt on the spot. Trim black crossarms of the Stateside mills ran out early, so at Loglai a factory to produce them was set up. An Army Forestry unit, cutting jungle giants into bridge timbers, agreed to supply blanks of forest hardwoods. An Ordnance outfit built a portable floor drill and fashioned the necessary bits. With Indian labor, the little factory turned out 300 arms a day at its peak, and was moved up the line as the poles advanced.

Those dense tropical hardwood arms, by the way, were heavy as lead. Time and time again they could only be got to the job one at a time by sweating, stumbling, tired GIs. There were places where it took half a day to manhandle one of those arms up steep, slippery trails—more often where there was no trail at all!—to the place it was needed. And then the linemen was almost too exhausted to climb the pole to put the arm in place.

Clearing the right-of-way was a major problem. Coolies and Pioneers, used since the time of Christ to a single cutting tool, the long knife called Kukris, were utterly inadequate against the armored titans blocking the way. They seemed unable to fathom the use of the pole-axe. They would stand about in watchful admiration as a lineman showed how Paul Bunyan felled the firs of the north. Then they would go back to chipping away with their knives. Nor could they learn how to drop a tree where you want it to drop, repeatedly allowing the timber to fall across the line or right-of-way to multiply the trouble. There were stretches of the route, thick with the tangled vines and trees and



ON SOUTH BANK of the Irawaddy River at Myitkyina, Burma, S/Sgt. Edward C. Richards of Fayette, Wis., inspects winch cable being used to pull a lead-covered cable across the river. U. S. Army photo.

undergrowth of the steaming, prolific sea of leaf and stalk and trunk, where 300 man-days of hard labor were required to clear a mile of way.

One of the most exasperating of the many frustrations of the job was bound up in the confused relations between branches of the services on the spot. The Signal crews, coming to a stretch of terrain where they could outdistance the engineers, would build two or three miles of line only to be told that the poles went right down the centerline of the chosen road route. A tense request from the engineers to get the hell out of the way meant cutting more right-of-way, lugging more poles, toting more wire and crossarms, pulling in wire by hand over ridges thick with thorns.

And the bulldozers! Time and again, especially along the tracks and combat trails where the delicate field wire hung on the bushes, days of the grimmest, weariest work would be wiped out in an hour by a careless, capricious 'dozer on the rampage.

Nor were these the sum of the woes besetting the Signal outfits who hacked and pushed and pulled and manhandled



and cursed their way over the mountains. As they walked, and carried, and climbed and struggled against implacable jungle, there were the pests. At night you'd peel off your wet boots and socks heavy with the stink of the swamp, roll up your muddy pants, and there'd be half a dozen fat, slimy guttous leeches, juicy with your life's blood to turn your stomach.

And ants! The red, stinging, ubiquitous ants! Touch a tree for the briefest moment and presto! your arm was swarming with them, crawling and biting their way to every part of your tortured body. These had dozens of hungry companion creatures including, if you please, a carnivorous caterpillar! Even the jungle greenery fought the invading forces, poisoning in subtle ways to put America's toxic ivy to shame. Allow your bare back to brush against a certain plant, and you were in for searing pain and days of burning agony. The very air was hostile, laden with unseen spores of a whole community of fungi to turn your shoes green with mold and your flesh raw with jungle rot.

And there was malaria from the deadly anopheles, and scrub typhus borne by a tick which lay in wait upon a hanging leaf. One Signal unit alone, in the early days of this contest between Joe and the Jungle, had over half its men hospitalized because of Annie, and most of the others sick on their feet. Their working day began at 0600, and lasted until darkness damped the tropic heat; while their comrades up ahead with combat had 24-hour duty to perform.

The platoon from the 96th attached to the Northern Area Combat Command lit out for the Japs at Tokyo Corner as the tail of the monsoon was whipping across upper Burma. This Command was composed of a Chinese combat team, the 38th and 22nd Divisions of Chiang's new army, and GI technicians. These troops had been flown down from China to be trained and equipped in India under the knowledgeable, jungle-wise eyes of their hero himself, General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. It was some months later that Merrill's Marauders and the Mars Task Force jumped off to join in the battle, together with the British XIVth Army. Combat's objective was to drive the Japs back across the Patkai range, across the network of rivers veining the Hukawng and Mogaung Valleys to the Irrawaddy and wrest from the enemy the North Burma Base of Myitkyina, thence driving them south—thus clearing the way for the triple link of turnpike, pole and pipe.

A couple of months from Tokyo Corner found Combat, which had followed the Namlip trail to Loglai and beyond, temporarily halted at Nathaw. Like the pole

line, the field wire laid through the mountains met many difficulties. Naga trails, for one thing, don't follow the line of least resistance, seeking gentle slopes and pursuing the contour of the hills.

Oh! No! Your Naga, like Euclid, figures that the shortest distance between two points is the way the crow flies, even if he must travel up the steepest slopes and across the highest ridges. So went the wire. Sometimes mules or tiny native horses bore the reels. Often they were slung on poles between two coolies, or carried litter-like, slowly unwinding along the way.

Because the field wire was susceptible to jungle damp, and because the Naga tribesman found it far stronger than twisted grass or slender vine for holding together his pack, it proved more trouble than its limited channels of communication were worth. Thenceforth it was decided to use the stronger, more adaptable rubber covered spiral-4 cable with its braided underjacket of steel. The entire combat line back to Ledo was relaid with the cable which was arriving in quantity. By February it had crawled past Loglai to Tagap and Shingbwiyan at the foot of the Patkai range where the Hukawng spreads out like a dark green carpet patterned with silver ribbons of water and patches of bright green swamp grass. Here at Shing, the combat team took a break to give its supply troops time to establish a forward base for the drive across the valley.

But there was no rest for the Signalman. No sooner was the cable laid to Shing than a bulldozer, unwilling to churn the smooth new roadbed which lay ready for the gravel trucks, chose the combat trail for a trip forward. The detour cost several miles of spiral-4, and bitter hours of replacing it. Then the Nagas and their Burmese neighbors, the Kachins, and even Allied soldiers, began cutting out nice short pieces for their very own. And soldiers built their bivouac fires over and sometimes directly under the cable. And trees fell, and pack elephants tangled their clumsy feet in it. And each time meant toting a heavy drum for miles to the scene of the break.

About the time the combat force was settling itself for the wait at Shingbwiyan, one construction platoon moved to the 76 Mile mark with orders to build the pole line on the new base, while the section from Loglai was being completed, and by February there was copper on a ten-pin arm bearing four circuits back to Ledo.

The Japanese, taking advantage of Stilwell's halt at Shing for rest and the accumulation of supplies, had dug themselves in at Yuhbang on the Tarung River,



one of the fingers of the Chindwin's hand. Presently the combat force moved forward to join battle with them, and the Signal Crews, both combat and heavy construction, had their first real taste of enemy action. For here the way was flat, and though the jungle grew thick and lush the going was swifter than in the mountains, so that the pole line rode close behind the fighting and the linemen clinging to the sticks could see the wounded being carried back. The Yupbang battle, first of a series of bitterly contested actions, proved to Uncle Joe's satisfaction the worth of the Chinese soldier given proper training, equipment and tactical command.

And the Yupbang also brought the Signalmen the first of the maddening attempts by infiltrating enemy patrols to destroy communications. Night after night weary troubleshooters, accompanied by covering shouts, would be sent along the trail to repair enemy damage, knowing that every open in the line might mean an ambush.

Once the Taring was forced the combat units left the road to swing wide of the proposed road trace and follow the Ningam trail, their objective displacement of the enemy at Maingkwan. This trail had to be widened for vehicles, so that the cable had to be laid several feet away, requiring the cutting of a separate trail. And the pole line crews reached out along the road to cross the Tarung, the Tawang and the Tanai where they came face-to-face with one of the toughest assignments yet: spanning the 20 miles of swampland, most of it under water, to Tingkaw.

From Shing to the far bark of the Tanai at the 145-mile mark, the land lay flat, so that the construction men kept ahead of the road. Time and again they found themselves faced with the uncompromising demand from the engineers that they halt their trucks at end-of-gravel, and the engineers meant it, for they posted guards to forestall Signal's attempts to get their wire and crossarms ahead under cover of night. Now it was necessary to carry in everything but the poles, which were being cut on the spot, although even some of these were carried as much as a mile. A pole-treating plant had been established at Shing after much effort at transporting (and losing en route!) a 7,000 gallon boiler, I-beams, brick and cement. But only a few were creosoted, for the experiment didn't work too well—and how could they carry poles for 20 miles or more past the gravel? Every imaginable means of transportation was brought into play. Trucks to gravel and, then mules, horses, elephants, boats, coolies and G.I's. And air-drop, too, began to play its part. Both pole line and cable

crews received rations, supplies and equipment in this way.

The pole linemen laid field wire into Tingkaw, using assault boats to negotiate the deep swamp waters. As rain raised the water level, they found themselves draping it through the treetops at some places. The first open wire in this stretch came later, after the road crews had scooped up a causeway. Temporarily, the cable was spliced into the pole line simultaneously built on from Tingkaw to Shadazup, to Warazup.

By June, those heavy monsoon rains found Warazup in touch with Ledo, and combat established at Tingkaw where they were building an airstrip and supply base. The 38th and 22nd Chinese Divisions had swept up the enemy at Lakuen Gaf, Mainkwan and Walawbum—this last one of the heaviest engagements of the North Burma campaign—and had pushed down to Kamaing. It had been this drive, culminating with the battle at Jumbu Bum, which made possible the construction of the pole line as far as Shadazup.

Now the advance was slowed again by the Jap who had dug himself in at Inkan-gahtawng across the Mogaung Valley, and the road, the pipeline and the telephone wires inched forward to Warazup. It had been in the Tingkaw-Shadazup section where the combat cable crews had their toughest struggle with the wire-cutting patrols of the enemy. On one memorable night, the line was cut in thirty-six places. While a crew was patching one break, another would be made by a Jap bolo a few hundred yards away.

Airstrips and supply depots at Tingkaw and Warazup meant a considerable easing of the supply problem, and ferry service on the Mogaung made it possible to transport heavy supplies to the river bank by truck, thence by boat, the forty river miles to where the forward units of the combat crews were working on toward Namti and Mogaung itself.

A 4-pin lead was built from Warazup to Kanaing to give increased service to combat, and here the pole construction men had wheels again. Jap trucks salvaged from the enemy's flight south were converted to the uses of the line crews. With the fall of Kamaing, British units began cleaning the enemy from the Mogaung-Myitkyina railway, and from the railway leading down to Katha and the Irrawaddy crossing there.

Now more construction battalions had arrived. One company flew to Myitkyina to build open wire for forces besieging that city, another was assigned the rehabilitation of the line destroyed by the Japs in their retreat along the 30 miles of rail from Mogaung, and the combat platoon



moved down with the British. An 8-pin line was established along the railway to Myitkyina, and a 10-pin line along the road. At the same time, following the British south, construction of a pole line followed close on the heels of the fighting.

Along the railways it was found necessary to string all the wire after dark, for the only vehicles were jeep-drawn flatcars and these were in use during daylight getting supplies to the front and evacuating wounded. An ingenious array of masts and pulleys, with the reels set up on the flatcars, was used to lay the wire.

With the fall of Myitkyina, which had held up construction of road, pipeline and telephone circuits, the men who built the 10-pin lead into the city were assigned the job of carrying the line on to Bhamo. In addition to the constant problems presented by inadequate transport, Jap infiltration and the thousand-and-one ingredients making for jungle nerves, these Signal crews had to build their own bridges and repair their own road. The road here had formerly connected Bhamo with its neighbor to the north, but had been long neglected. The pole line followed a 10-foot trace cut by crews laying spiral-4, and had to be widened every inch of the way.

With Bhamo 50 miles away on 21 December, word came from General Sultan that he wanted his headquarters established there on 1 January—and he wanted open wire connection with Ledo on that day! Three days later prodigious efforts had brought together one Chinese Engineer Battalion, two companies of Chinese infantry, two companies of Indian Army Pioneers, and as many Kachin tribesmen as could be induced to work. Tools had been flown in by special plane. Confusions in command—the Chinese required a few days to find out they weren't taking orders from the General on this job—threatened to prevent making the target date. But by doing vehicle maintenance at night, working on the line from dawn to dark, and driving all hands to the breaking point, General Sultan's copper reached to Ledo on New Year's Eve.

Meantime, as the combat team pushed on to Namkham, where Lt. Col. Seagraves, famed "Burma Surgeon" has his mission hospital, crews assigned to the British were relieved and assigned the Bhamo-Muse section to build. Here the old road was in fair shape, Signal-Engineer planning was carefully meshed to prevent 'dozer trouble and avoid the need of resetting the line, and the copper marched into Muse in record time.

While these steps were being taken, the spiral-4 had passed through Muse to Mile 105 on the Old Burma Road, and turned south to Lashio and Haipaw still riding

herd on the 38th and 22nd Chinese who were one side of a pincer pressing the enemy against the advancing British XIVth Army. And, as always since the project began, in the wake of the cable came the poles. At Mile 105 one battalion built south to Lashio, while another branched off toward Wanting, just across the China border.

Some months earlier, arrangements had been completed between the American command and the Chinese Minister of Communications to bring the lead into Kunming, and work had begun on the China end of the construction. One Signal Officer and 20 enlisted men had flown to Yunnanyi, their mission to supervise Chinese Army signal men and coolie labor companies, in construction of the Yunnanyi-Paoshan portion. The 31st and 432nd battalions of the U. S. Signal Corps joined them, the former flying to Yunnanyi to build into Kunming, the latter undertaking construction from Wanting to Paoshan. Greatest trouble developed in the Chinese-built section. It was discovered that the Chinese, though willing, had lower standards of pole line quality than the Americans, so that it was frequently necessary to rebuild parts of the jobs, reset corner poles, resag wire, etc. The Chinese listened attentively when it was explained that the wires must not be allowed to cross, then their amazement knew no bounds when the Americans insisted that they must be allowed to cross—for transpositions! A good many hours were required to set the tramp right when the work was being done by linemen who had never seen a bracket in their lives.

Target date for completion of the Chabua-Kunming line—months earlier the 3199th had carried the wire back to the big Chabua supply center—had been set for 1 June 1945. In mid May, the pipeline wallas let it be known what they'd be ready to pump on the 27th—and please, could the telephone job be done then? The 31st said, "Sure"! They advanced their schedules, stepped up the speed of construction. At 2100 on the night of 26 May copper was cut in at the Kunming switchboard for keeps. The first call to Delhi was made the next morning before breakfast.

A pole line 1,800 miles long, carrying 17,000 miles of wire, had been built from scratch in 30 heartbreaking, backbreaking months. Nor was the job without its lost lives—enemy action and falling trees, monsoon swollen rivers and the strange diseases which haunt the jungle trails had taken their toll of men who lie now in quiet gardens spaced across this tropic land.

This is the story, one of the epics of World War II.

—THE END



# One Way Ticket to Burma

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of three articles written by Al Dougherty, of Headquarters MATS Historical Division, which originally appeared in Broadcaster, the Scott Air Force Base newspaper.)

By AL DOUGHERTY

This story began 20 years ago when Sgt. John W. Boyd was taking the Radio Operator-Mechanic Course in the Second Area.

At that time Scott was straining and expanding in preparation for its World War II mission, communications training. Construction was being pushed at a feverish pitch, and men were pouring in by the thousands for training.

Today MSgt. Boyd is NCOIC of the Base Photo Lab. But for the grace of God, on more than one occasion, he would be a heap of mouldering bones in far-off Burma.

Sgt. Boyd completed the radio course February 2, 1942.

After lengthy travel he arrived in Karachi, India, where B-25 bomber crews were being made up for the 22nd Bomb Squadron, 341st Bomb Group. The 11th Bomb Squadron of the same Group was already stationed at Kunming, China.

## Scratched

On October 20, 1942, the 22nd Bomb Squadron was preparing to participate in the first heavy bombing raid on Japanese-held Hong Kong and Canton. Sgt. Boyd, assigned to the crew of a B-25 commanded by Capt. Gray of Doolittle raider fame, was ready and eager to go, but suddenly found himself removed from the flight.

At the last minute Capt. Gray took off the crew originally scheduled and substituted instead the Tokyo raider crew. Disappointed, Boyd watched the bombers take off.

Capt. Gray was flying the Air Transport Command "Hump" route, soon to be extended by ATC, forerunner of MATS, into an aerial lifeline flying supplies from India into China over the rugged Himalayan "rock pile."

High above the towering Himalayas, loaded with gas and bombs, the B-25 developed engine trouble, but Capt. Gray radioed he would continue on.

The outcome was tragic—the plane crashed on a craggy mountain peak and the crew perished.

For Boyd, the tables had been turned from disappointment to thankfulness: Providence had scratched him from a certain ride with death.

This quirk of fate was quickly forgotten in the mounting tempo of the war. Moving up to action, the 22nd Bomb Squadron joined the 490th and 491st at Chakulia, India, in November 1942.

During succeeding months Sgt. Boyd participated in 42 missions over Japanese-held areas of Burma. The B-25's bombed roads, railroad yards, bridges, airdromes and command posts in a concerted effort to smash enemy supply and communications lines.

With this constant practice, the crew functioned like clockwork and the plane and crew became a single weapon. As radio operator-aerial gunner Boyd was well seasoned by August 1943 when a second switch occurred which was to have a momentous effect on his life for the next two years.

## Last Mission

This substitution occurred on the morning of August 3, when Sgt. Boyd was assigned to take the place of TSgt. Wood on a plane being readied for a special mission. Some time was lost while an engine malfunction was being corrected.

Piloted by Lt. Charles W. McCook and carrying a complement of six, the B-25 took off to rendezvous with two other bombers from the 490th and 491st at Kurmitola, an advanced base.

The objective was to make an experimental skip-bomb run over a power dam at Meitktila, Burma, a Japanese sub-headquarters 90 miles south of Mandalay. Sgt. Boyd's plane was the last to take off for the target, 500 miles away.

Descending from 10,000 to 1,500 feet, Lt. McCook spotted the lake, the target, and the enemy headquarters. The plane swooped toward the barracks area.

As the pilot dropped the left wing, Sgt. Burke raked the barracks with the top turret guns. The B-25 streaked in over the lake about 50 feet off the water and headed for the dam.

On the ground an assortment of enemy guns burst into action and sent a hail of lead at the AAF bomber.

As the plane pulled up, a bomb with delayed fuse was released. Already aimed, the bomb skipped over the waves to the target.

Hell broke loose in the bomb bay as a shell exploded, smashed a gas line, and started a fire. "Heat like a blowtorch" blew back on Boyd at the tail gun as the plane climbed for altitude.

He motioned for Burke to come down from the turret and held his chute for him.



Sgt. Leisure, engineer on the waist guns, signalled he was bailing out.

Leisure pulled the emergency release lever, kicked the hatch open. For a moment he held on by his hands, then dropped.

The B-25, filled with suffocating heat and smoke, was already a "hot bird." It had climbed to about 1,500 feet, but having cleared the lake, began to lose altitude as a control cable parted.

Frantically the airmen struggled with their 'chutes. Life zeroed down to a fleeting flurry of seconds.

## Crash Landing

Boyd, arms slipped through his seat harness, was straddling the rear hatch. The thought flashed through his mind: "Jump now, Boyd, or you'll never jump."

He closed his legs and in standing position dropped through the tiny aperture. As his head cleared the door he pulled the rip cord.

When the parachute opened, the slip stream pulled it toward the tail of the aircraft and swung its human load upward.

Boyd heard the 'chute pop open and felt a tremendous jerk on his shoulders. Before he could look up, the earth rose up and crashed against him, buckling his legs up to his chin and crunching his hips with grinding impact.

Dazed, he straightened up. The first thing that crossed his line of vision was a plane—his plane—spouting great billows of smoke and coming in low, about 300 yards away.

That's how low the plane had been. Boyd had hit the earth in time to see his ravaged B-25 coming in at about 20 feet for a belly landing.

The minute it touched, the aircraft collapsed in an inferno of smoke and flame, a blazing funeral pyre for the four crewmen trapped in it. Every leaf and stem in the peaceful meadow was brightly illumined in the white-hot glare.

Half paralyzed from shock and burns, Boyd could only watch helplessly as the plane disintegrated in the fiery holocaust.

## Death Sentence

After a brief resistance Boyd and then Leisure were surrounded and captured by Japanese ground troops and incarcerated in the Rangoon Central Jail, a prison condemned by the British in 1938 as unfit for use.

It had no beds; it was dark and cold and smelled of death. In this dark tomb the Japanese confined about 3,000 Allied prisoners of war, most of them American and British airmen.

At the guardhouse they awaited an officer who could speak English.

Gloating over the prize of Boyd's service .45, the Japanese soldiers engaged in wild

horseplay, wrestling it from each other and aiming it indiscriminately.

Noticing that the pistol's safety catch was off, Boyd made a lunge to seize it, for which he was rewarded with a rifle butt alongside the head. He was prone on the floor when the officer arrived and was informed by his men that Boyd had tried to shoot them.

"Execute him at dawn!" was the instant verdict.

Burned, bruised, and condemned to death, Boyd lay awake in solitary all night. Again he was poised on the brink of death.

He thought of his father and mother and sisters back in Mayfield, Kentucky; of his high school football coach; of a dark-haired girl named Ruby Wilson; of the men he had flown with in the AAF; of his last low-level jump from a blazing B-25.

The faint light of dawn touched the tiny aperture of a window. To his mind came a quotation from the pastor back at Mayfield: "Ask of Him, and He is there."

He offered a silent prayer, and was ready for the firing squad.

The Burma sun rose bright and hot. Nothing happened.

As the day waned he began to realize he might not be executed after all. He lay in solitary for two months before his captors put him on all-day fatigue details.

## Fagged

Life became a grueling grind of road building. Rations consisted of a handful of rice and bones and fish heads.

Malnutrition and the rigorous stresses of long hours of coolie-type labor with pick and shovel drained the emaciated bodies of the prisoners. In about 10 months Boyd's weight dropped from 160 to 97 pounds.

Finally the heat, fatigue, filth, and impoverished diet began to take its toll, and one morning Boyd was unable to stand on his feet.

"I had dysentery, beri-beri, and jungle sores, and they had a slab waiting for me," he commented. "I wouldn't be living if it weren't for an Indian doctor."

The doctor he referred to was Capt. D. W. Sudan, a Christian Indian doctor in the Indian Army Corps who saved many lives by treating sick and wounded prisoners.

Capt. Sudan, who also was a prisoner, prevailed upon the Japanese to let him treat Boyd. Sudan, Boyd said, risked his life repeatedly to steal medicines for other sick prisoners.

## The Egg

The prisoners were allowed a bath—minus soap—every two or three weeks.

A more urgent need was the constant gnawing hunger for food.

A British corporal working in the commissary would steal stores to help feed



## One Way Ticket to Burma

his fellow prisoners. On several occasions the Japanese caught him and gave him terrific beatings, but he kept right on filching provisions.

The American officers were paid eight dollars a month for subsistence, and pooled their resources with the airmen, who received no monetary allowance, so that each man obtained some bits of food.

An egg cost one dollar. Its condition would vary from stale to rotten.

Too weak and too sick to work, Boyd made a devious deal for an egg one day, only to find it was in the last stages of disintegration.

In a nearby section of the compound lived a British captain who had a reputation for eating eggs no matter what their condition, and to this blase possessor of a cast-iron stomach went Sgt. Boyd with his decomposing egg.

"Cap'n," said Boyd, "I have an egg here that's just a bit too ripe for me. Would you care to try it?"

The lean Britisher examined the rank specimen critically.

"Righto! It will be O.K.—as you chaps would say—hard-boiled!"

He took the putrid thing and boiled it at the firepit for a long time, and ate it without any apparent ill effect.

### Rescue

It was now 1945. Several hundred prisoners had died of dysentery and beri-beri.

British forces were closing in on Rangoon. On April 25 about 400 prisoners of war were marched away by the Japanese in a withdrawal northward toward Insein.

Left behind as unfit to walk away from the Rangoon Central Prison were 20 AAF

officers, 19 airmen, and 29 British officers.

On May 4 these haggard skeletons, Boyd among them, staggered to their feet and gave feeble cheers as the British 14th Army threw open the prison and hauled them back to the wonderful world of food and health and medical care.

### Return

In Mayfield, Kentucky, Miss Juanita Boyd, a telephone operator, was unable to believe what she heard. "Say that again," she said. "Are you sure?"

She was assured that her brother, long reported as missing in action, had really been rescued from a Japanese prison. Mrs. Albert Boyd, his mother, had been ill until she received the news—"the best Mother's Day gift in the world." His father said he had never given up hopes.

Back in the States, Sgt. Boyd was discharged as a Master Sergeant. After three years of civilian life he reenlisted and took the photography course at Lowry Air Force Base.

Although fully recovered from the rigors of the prison camp, he succumbed to a prevalent heart ailment and married the attractive, dark-haired Miss Ruby Wilson in 1947. They have two daughters: Debra, 8; and Sharon, 5.

MSgt. Boyd has been NCOIC of the Base Photo Lab for the last year. Besides the Purple Heart Medal for wounds received when he went down August 3, 1943, he wears the American Defense Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon with two Bronze Stars, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, and six overseas service bars.

He earned them.

—THE END

## Policeman Following CBI Service; Now Becoming a Lawyer

*By the Associated Press*

BALDWIN, N. Y.—Nassau County Patrolman Walter R. Henesy is a devoted father to a family that numbers a dozen children. But he hasn't had much time to enjoy the role.

For the past six years, he has been grinding away at his studies—going to bed late, arising early for his regular job and doing odd jobs on the weekend to pay for his education.

Now that's all in the past. He recently passed his bar examination and expects to be admitted to the bar in June.

The Brooklyn-born patrolman, now 42, grew up in Oceanside, N. Y. He had to leave high school to take a job to help support his family, which had 10 children.

AFTER army service in the China-Burma-India theater, he married his childhood sweetheart, Ileen Maloney, and set about having the large family.

His bid to realize the dream of an education came after he joined the police force in 1949. First, he got his high school equivalency diploma, then attended Hofstra college by meshing it into his work schedule. Next he attended St. John's University Law School in New York City, again on a staggered schedule.

"It meant going into a room with the books and shutting yourself off from the world," said Henesy, who earns \$7,400-a-year as a patrolman. He has no immediate plans for leaving the police force.

—THE END



# Grandma Morris & the Flying Machine

Reprinted from V.F.W. Magazine

By MURRAY T. PRINGLE

There was a large crowd gathered 38 years ago at Fort Bliss, Texas, to witness the Army celebration staged annually on Washington's birthday. A feature of the show was to be an aerial demonstration by the 12th Observation Squadron.

In 1923 flying machines and the daring men who flew them were still considered pretty much of a novelty by most people in the nation. So, naturally, the turnout for this exhibition was very large indeed!

As the squadron lined up for inspection, a loudspeaker suddenly blared:

"Ladies and gentlemen! One of our visitors who wishes only to be called 'Grandma Morris' has requested permission to go up in one of these airplanes. What's more, the Army has agreed—just to show the rest of you folks how safe flying really is. Now, let's hear a great big hand for Grandma Morris!"

Amid resounding applause Granny's appearance on the field created a sensation. She appeared to be all of eighty years old and as frail as a winter-rotted twig in the hot spring sunshine. Wearing a black silk dress and a shawl, she hobbled out to the ship and was helped into the cockpit. Her pilot-chauffeur solicitously strapped her in and then walked to the front of the airplane where he devoted his attention to the propeller, swinging it vigorously.

One young lady in the dubious crowd summed up the general consensus when she said: "Oh, that poor old lady. She must be out of her mind!" But Granny showed no sign of backing down. While the pilot struggled with the prop, she was looking all about with the avid eagerness of a youngster in a toy factory. On the first two swings of the prop, the motor coughed half-heartedly. On the third try, the pilot put out a final spurt of energy and just as the motor caught, he slipped and fell flat on his face.

With a roar and rattle, the plane leaped down the field with poor old Granny bouncing forlornly in the cockpit and the amazed pilot scrambling to safety. Several women screamed and fainted; some men leaped to their feet and shouted to the shocked Army men to do something to halt the runaway aircraft. But nothing could be done. It was strictly up to Grandma Morris. And she wasn't doing too hot.

The snarling plane and its hapless captive swung around in a ground loop and

headed straight for a row of trees bordering the field. But by this time the wheels were off the ground. The crowd watched in fascinated horror as the ship barely cleared the tree tops, rolled drunkenly in the air and then finally pulled away in an agonized climb, its engine whining in protest. Throughout the audience, women screamed and covered their eyes; they couldn't bear to watch what was bound to happen.

Miraculously, the ship continued to climb. Granny was certainly putting up a valiant fight with her runaway plane. After what seemed like an eternity, the wildly-maneuvering craft dove toward the ground but righted itself at a little more than wheat-top altitude. Then the plane careened across the field and made a bouncy landing.

For a moment the silence was so intense it hurt the ears. Then that ominous silence was broken by thunderous cheers. Soldiers raced across the field to help the old lady out. But with a roguish wave of the hand, "Granny Morris" cocked a leg over the side, vaulted to the ground and ran to cover.

Then and only then did some of the watchers realize that they had been hoodwinked. Others stubbornly persisted in the belief that they had just witnessed the miracle of the age.

Those skeptical watchers were right. They had been hoaxed. But they did not know by whom. The "Grandma Morris" who had given them a few of the most anxious moments of their lives was a young Air Corps lieutenant whose name would have meant nothing to them anyway. But a couple of decades later the name of that mischievous young officer would be added to America's honor roll of heroes.

"Grandma Morris" was none other than the late, great organizer and leader of World War II's "Flying Tigers"—Major General Claire Chennault! —THE END

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*News dispatches from recent issues  
of The Calcutta Statesman*

**CALCUTTA**—When one of five young elephants bound for the East Berlin Zoo was being forklifted onto a KLM freighter, a DC-7F, at Dum Dum airport, a cock on his back crowded and the animal stopped struggling. The cock accompanied the elephants to their destination. Attendants of animals on the planes carrying livestock have learned through experience that the best way to keep an elephant in good humor is to place a cock on its back.

**NEW DELHI**—The Delhi Zoo is to receive a gift of several animals from the USA. The animals, presented by the Washington National Zoological Park and the Boston Franklin Park Zoo, include two American bison, two raccoons, two coyotes, two pumas, two red foxes, two bears and a pair of porcupines.

**BARODA**—Not a single vote was cast in the recent election in any of the three polling booths in Koyali village of Baroda north constituency, according to a report received here. About 2,400 voters of the village abstained from voting as a protest against the proposed acquisition of land for a two-million ton refinery at Koyali.

**NEW DELHI**—Fifty million conversion tables are to be issued by the Union Ministry of Commerce as part of its campaign to persuade consumers to do their shopping in metric weights. These tables, showing the equivalents in prices between seers and kilograms, will be distributed to grocers all over the country to be displayed in their shops. Official surveys show grocers have taken advantage of the new weights to cheat customers not familiar with the changeover.

**KHULNA**—Fifty kutchha houses including some cloth and stationery shops were gutted in a recent fire near Crescent Jute Mills at Khalispur.

**DACCA**—A West Pakistan electrician has devised a small and inexpensive instrument with the help of which high powered AC current can be divested of its fatal shock, according to a news agency report from Lahore published here. The report claims that a party of journalists watched in amazement as a small child played with a 350-volt live transmission line with bare hands without injury.

**BOMBAY**—Beggars of Bombay obtain, by way of alms, about Rs 10,000 a day. The city is "a paradise for beggars," according to the participants in a symposium organized by All India Radio, Bombay, on the beggar problem. There are about 25,000 beggars in Greater Bombay.

**NEW DELHI**—The Union Home Ministry has emphasized that Government employees below 45 years of age must attend Hindi classes when they are assigned to them. In a letter to the Central Ministry, the Home Ministry said that "wilful and unjustified absence from Hindi classes will make them liable to disciplinary action for neglect of official duty."

**JAMMU**—Members of the Paraja Parishad have discovered that ballot boxes used in regular elections could be opened without breaking the seals, simply by pressing the rear to which the lid is attached by hinges. These boxes had been manufactured by a Hyderabad firm, and approved by the Election Commission. Of 10,000 boxes, 5,000 had been given to Jammu and Kashmir.

**NEW DELHI**—India is importing a large number of horses from Poland. These horses are required for improving the breed of horses used by the Indian Army. They will be sent to the two military stud farms at Babugarh and Saharanpur to join other horses imported from Australia and Italy last year. Despite modernization, horses continue to form an important part of the Army's transport organization. They are used extensively in Kashmir and certain other parts of the country.

**RAWALPINDI**—The Pakistani Government has announced its decision not to allow any place or institution in the country to be named in the future after any public servant while he is in office. This decision has been taken to avoid confusion by naming institutions after public servants and representatives when they are in office and renaming them when new public representatives came to occupy the same office.

**NEW DELHI**—A loan of over Rs 20 crores is to be advanced by the Shipping Development Committee to the Jayanti Shipping Company to build 13 cargo ships and thereby strengthen India's merchant marine fleet. An order for the construction of eight bulk carriers has already been placed with the Mitsubishi Shipyard in Japan.

**CALCUTTA**—Ever since the retail price of a match box was fixed by the Union Government at 5 nP and manufacturers began to stamp that price on each box, it has not been possible to buy this commodity in any shop in Calcutta at that price. While citizens have silently acquiesced to



the one naya paisa increase on each box, foreigners are disgusted at this wanton violation of a Government order by profiteers.

NAGPUR—New fields of mineral wealth have been found in Jammu and Kashmir, especially in Puja in the Ladakh region. Sixty young men are to be trained in mining engineering to carry out exploration work in Kashmir State where development work has been handicapped for want of technical personnel. It is reported that the State possesses abundant reserves of coal, copper, zinc, sulphur, lignite and gypsum.

GANGTOK—Four Ladakhis, three monks and a business man arrived here recently from Lhasa bringing valuable Tibetan manuscripts, books on Tibetan medicines and six mule-loads of rare manuscripts known as Renchintarju, one of the most important collections thought to have been lost after the takeover of Tibet by the Communists but preserved by these monks for Ladakh's monasteries. One of the Ladakhis reported that in Lhasa there was normal, but strangely doleful, life. Tibetans are not to be seen on the streets and business is carried on by Chinese civilians. The city has a new look with the Dalai Lama's palace completely rebuilt.

## Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

### "FRIENDS OF THE ALLIED FORCES"

The designation of this crumb from a loaf of stale literature would have the readers, if any, prepare for a mobilization of facts about friendly armies and navies. But no! This brochure relates items from a 30-day fragment of the biography of a once thriving night club located at the lower terminus of KU FU LANE in Chungking.

This commercial venture had to have patronage to survive and the lack of these angels carrying folding currency causes no end of worry. Things were worse and getting more worse, so the owner went back to peddling dope and left his hired help stranded. The five almond eyed darlings that composed the floor show, went home to mother and probably shuttled between the ironing board and the kitchen sink for some years. But the musical guys that played in the band just hung around this unreasonable facsimile of the Stork Club and in due time signed on with Uncle Sam as House Boys.

Now, these gentlemen-in-waiting were known by various caustic names, not fit for the sensitive ears of youth, but they all liked to be called "No. 1 Boy." They swept, mopped, dusted, helped the cook, killed the chickens and waited on table. Their cheery table-side manner was accented by quaint questions like "How you like your eggs, hard fry, soft fry, or boll?" "Good morning, hottacakes very warm today."

On lengthy summer evenings these same fine fellows were often commissioned to

embark on excursions down the alley for the purpose of acquiring a bottle of "London Dry Gin." This beverage was a by-product of the Chungking Soap & Chemical Co., Ltd. Some of the readers might remember this delicious drink. Like Campbell's Soup, it was highly concentrated, so we thinned it with Lister Bag Water. The result was a very pleasant gargle, with just enough lemon powder to cover up the chlorine taste. This smooth-as-a-file nectar was served in a damaged teapot that had been retired from active service because of a physical disability.

Just inside our front entrance was the traditional painting on a screen of an over-weight, pot-bellied, reclining Buddha, with a diabetic grin on his face. But soon this art treasure was plastered with the usual Special Orders and a notice regarding the strict saluting regulations in this area. The only text still visible proclaimed "We welcome our friends from afar" in gold lettering. The insufficient illumination in this pavilion can be blamed for my undeveloped electrical knowledge. My Armed Forces Text of that subject just could not be studied under our current-starved 30-watt bulbs. This cloud moonlight atmosphere made the most bright-eyed Chinese girl appear to be a sleepy Oriental exotic. I gladly sacrificed my education after a single session of reading, because the normal spots before my eyes transformed into watts, volts and ohms.

To keep this thesis in compact form, I will not tell about the WAC Hostel and the inmates therein. Or how this historian disposed of 13 cartons of cigarettes, without violating the "Articles of War."

Yes, we won't forget the fun, frolic, merriment, joviality, laughter, buffoonery, tomfoolery and skylarking that went on at "Friends of Allied Forces," but don't bother asking if we would take a million bucks for this caper. You will get "No" for an answer. Just don't offer something realistic like \$10.00 or \$9.98. —THE END



# Book Reviews



**THE LAWLESS SKIES.** By Donald Fish. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. April 1962. \$3.95.

The former head of BOAC's security police force tells of fighting and outwitting smugglers, pirates, international criminals of every sort who take to the air. His extraordinary experiences in Bombay, Hong Kong, Singapore, London, on the track of diamonds, opium, bank notes and dangerous characters form a real-life thriller by a brand new type of detective.

**COMMUNIST CHINA'S STRATEGY IN THE NUCLEAR ERA.** By Alice Langley Hsieh. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N. J. March 1962. Paperbound \$2.25; cloth \$4.50.

A Rand Corporation study that will give the reader some information on one of the big questions of the era.

**THE NEWS FROM KARACHI.** By William Wood. The Macmillan Company, New York. April 1962. \$2.95.

Sir Karmon Krekel, the elderly statesman of a Balkan country, sometime in the future, resolves to sacrifice himself to a nuclear bomb test so that the world will realize the death, illness and mutation inflicted by bomb tests. A brief but powerful novel which crystallizes man's horror of the dark side of the atomic future.

**THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE KWAI.** By Ernest Gordon. Harper & Brothers, New York. April 1962. \$3.95.

A sincere, simply written book, telling how religion and Christian helpfulness were reborn in Allied prisoners of the Japanese in Thailand jungles, after months of suffering and deprivation that had brought the prisoners to a low point of cruelty and callousness to each other. The author, now Dean of the Chapel at Princeton, was then a company commander of the 93rd Highlanders.

**BURMESE FAMILY.** By Mi Mi Khaing. Indiana University Press. April 1962. \$3.95.

Originally written when the author was in exile during the Japanese occupation, the book is now published for the first time in this country and should become something of a classic book on Burma. Miss Khaing skillfully weaves a picture of Burmese everyday life from kitchenware to cosmetics.

**THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.** By John K. Fairbank. Compass Books (Viking), New York. April 1962. Paperback, \$1.85.

The author, professor of history at Harvard, has revised his well-known work and up-dated it to present "the real China that Americans have never recognized, the China which they now fail to see for what she is at their own great peril."

**JAPAN: PORTRAIT OF PARADOX.** By Quentin Crewe. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. March 1962. \$4.00.

A gracefully written, rather disenchanted but not by any means cynical report on Japanese life, by an English writer and editor who recently spent several months there. In spite of finding a "drab, suffocating lack of individuality," he was fascinated by the Japanese psychology and he carried away many happy memories of friends and of hospitality.

**ASIA IN THE BALANCE.** By Michael Edwardes. Penguin (Penguin Special Original). March 1962. Paperback, 95c.

An attempt to make clear Asia's ambivalent political attitudes and to explain why the West's foreign policy with regard to Asia has so often been a dismal failure while Communist efforts have succeeded.

**WHY NOT VICTORY?** By Sen. Barry M. Goldwater. McGraw-Hill, New York. April 1962. \$4.50.

Senator Goldwater, who served in CBI during World War II, states his proposals for "conservatism" in foreign affairs, which boil down to militant opposition to Communism. He urges against disarmament and against channeling through the United Nations, matters that concern U. S. security. He reinterprets the U-2 incident and the abortive Cuban invasion.

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ORNATE fountain near the Jain Temple in Calcutta. Photo by Leroy Hendrickson.

#### A New Alderson

● Congratulations are in line for Mr. and Mrs. Ray Alderson of Dubuque on the arrival of their son, Steven Charles, born March 10 which happens to be Ray's birthday—making the occasion twice as happy. We are very happy for them.

HENRY HERTEL,  
South Amana, Iowa

#### Aboard the Brazil

● The Brazil article (March issue) was finished while I was on a field trip in Massachusetts. Already, by a letter from Russ Davis, I see that I goofed. I knew so many from the 835th Signal Battalion and thought that group was on the Brazil. Unfortunately, I couldn't find the orders. Nowhere could I find all the units on one set of orders, so I thumbed through many, many sheafs. I am sorry they were omitted and probably there will be others. I hope they will forgive me and write in—in this way we could obtain an accurate list of all of the units. Also I hope some of the nurses from the original 159th Station Hospital will write in. I have no list with their names, and this I regret. I have many pictures of 159th staff but without names. I'm afraid also I did not pay proper tribute to

Moore-McCormack Lines for so generously furnishing pictures, and to World War II Records.

BILLY TODD LAMBERT,  
Alexandria, Va.

THOMAS J. NOCITO,  
Frankfurt, Germany

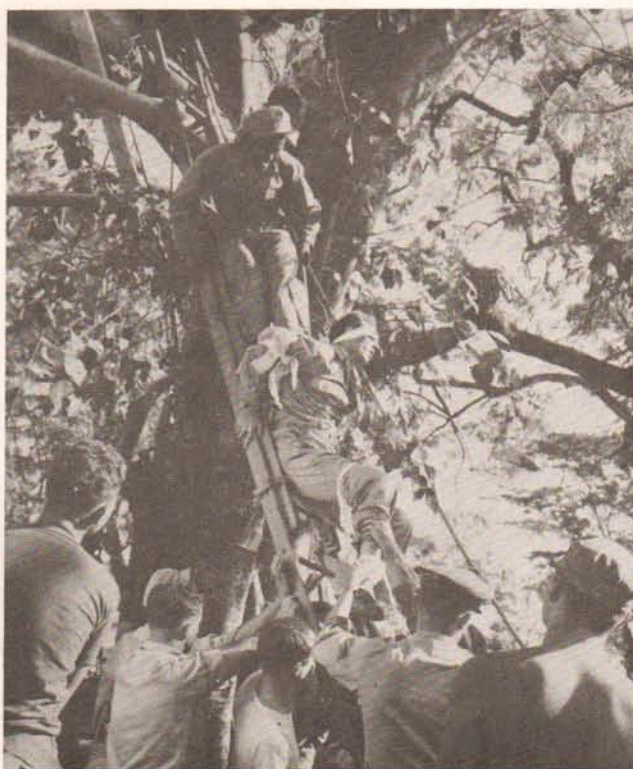
#### 20 Years Ago

● Was on the USAT Brazil in the first convoy to India, leaving the States just 20 years ago. In fact, I boarded the ship St. Patrick's Day 1942. Spent 30 months in Chungking, China. I enjoy the magazine very much.

BOB WRIGGLESWORTH,  
Eau Claire, Wis.

#### 308th Bomb Group

● Have always enjoyed Ex-CBI Roundup since it first came out, and I am sure I will continue to enjoy it for many years to come. I was with the 373rd Bomb Squadron of the 308th Bomb Group. I would certainly like to hear more about the old outfit if you have any material available.



SOLDIER injured in plane crash is lowered from a tree in Burma. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M.D.





DAY ROOM of the Canning Road Barracks, one of the finest in the Delhi area. Its bar was almost unsurpassed. Many readers may recall the "American style" Christmas tree erected outside the day room at Christmas 1945. Photo by R. C. Konen.

#### Mystery Unsolved

● Have been a subscriber since 1947 and many times after reading an article in the magazine I have been tempted to write of something that it brought to mind but somehow the letter never got written. After reading Allen Johnston's letter about his trip over on the U.S.A.T. George Washington, I was determined to write this letter. I was on the same trip over, sailing from Wilmington, Cal., on Sept. 6, 1943, and arriving at Bombay on October 20, 1943. (I was with the 803rd Air Evacuation Squadron) His story made me dig my diary from my trunk of war souvenirs. I have recorded the date and the approximate location of this near collision. Although I had recorded it, I had always felt that it was almost fantastic to believe. The date was September 27 and the location was off the southern tip of New Zealand and north of tiny Auckland Island. Our location at noon on Sept. 26 was 174 E by 49 S and at noon Sept. 27 was 163 E by 48 S. Before anyone questions my knowledge of daily location: I will explain. Those who were on the ship will recall the two fellows who spent each noon hour sighting the angle of the sun with a home-made sextant that proved so accurate that

the ship's officers invited us on the bridge to take some readings so that they could observe. I will have to give credit to my partner as the owner of the "sextant" for I was just the assistant who helped to take and record the readings. I, too, hope this mystery can be solved. Perhaps one of the ship's officers can be contacted or perhaps some agency in Washington may have files of ships' logs.

CLIFFORD EMLING,  
Cleveland, Ohio

#### Hump Pilot?

● In your March issue, in "Count to Nine Above the Clouds" by Al Dougherty, the name of Lt. Kenneth P. Stoeckmann was mentioned. It looked familiar to me. Going through my log book, I noticed that on my 47th and 58th trips over the Hump, as radio operator, a Captain Stoeckmann was my pilot. Could this be the same pilot, stationed at Tezpur, India, in May 1944? In all my years of reading the magazine, this is the first I have noticed anyone's name that I recognized, stationed at Tezpur. However, I'm not sure it's the same pilot.

ERNEST P. ORSINI,  
Altamont, N. Y.

#### Familiar Ships

● Was very happy to see that among the first ships featured in your "Ships on the C.B.I. Run" spot were the Admiral Benson (I went over on her maiden voyage) and the General Hodges, on which I returned. Incidentally, I sure would like to see letters in Roundup from some old Bangalore wallahs.

BILL WEIX,  
Waukesha, Wis.



STREET SCENE in an Indian city in 1944. Note beggars in foreground. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.





SHARP TURNS in mountain road between Bhamo and Nankham. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M.D.

#### Made Trip to India

● Donald E. Wood, formerly of Assam, India, moved to Canada in 1956 and later became a frequent visitor to the Buffalo Basha until a year and a half ago. We did not know what had happened to him or where he was until recently when he paid us a surprise visit. He told us of a trip back to India and seeing his folks. Later he went to see his sister in England; the rest of the time he spent seeing different parts of Canada. We are glad to have him back. Donald has made plans to attend the 15th annual CBI Reunion here in Buffalo in August and is looking forward to seeing his many friends, including Winfield Burke of Chillicothe, Ohio, and Harry Swope.

F. C. KAROLEWSKI,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

#### Surface Skimmed

● There were about 300,000 GI's in the CBI theater, and evidently we've only skimmed the surface so far. Everywhere we look we run into CBiers. This can be verified by the fact there are around 400 on our mailing list of the Dhobi Wallah Basha. Our meetings bring

in new ones all the time. With the Seattle World's Fair coming this April, we should acquire many more even though transient. Speaking of the World's Fair here in Seattle, ex-CBier Dean Rusk, U. S. Secretary of State, will speak here May 25. Our basha is hoping to have some activity in connection with his appearance although nothing definite yet.

LEE BAKKER,  
Seattle, Wash.

#### Ernest W. Berg

● Funeral services were held February 12 for Ernest W. Berg, a CBI veteran and longtime reader of Ex-CBI Roundup. He lived at 124 Senator Street in Brooklyn.

JOHN HARTMAN,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### Commission Head

● Readers may be interested to know that 35-year-old Newton N. Minow, the very active new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, is a CBI veteran. In a Washington Post interview, he recently said "I've been interested in communications since I was a sergeant in World War II, when my outfit strung the first telephone line between India and China." Minow attended Milwaukee public schools, the University of Michigan and Northwestern University, from which he obtained his law degree in 1950. In 1951 he became law clerk to Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson and in 1952 administrative assistant to Adlai Stevenson, then governor of Illinois. He later became a partner in Stevenson's law firm and legal counsel to Encyclopedia Britannica Films, which produces educational TV films.

HERBERT CARLSON,  
Washington, D. C.



ADVICE to GI motorists is given by this sign on the Ledo Road. Photo by Leroy Hendrickson.



## Commander's Message

by

**George Marquardt**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



### Sahibs and Memsahibs:

The time of spring housecleaning and income tax returns is now upon us. I know that you will all agree that these are very unpleasant thoughts, but April also means it's just four short months until we meet again with all of our CBI friends at the National Reunion in Buffalo. I, for one, am looking forward to meeting, in one place, all the wonderful CBIs who I have had the good fortune to be able to visit during these past few months, plus those who, for some reason or other, I haven't seen.

On February 24th we attended the Department of Ohio State meeting at Toledo. This meeting was well attended in spite of the bad weather and included a cocktail hour, dinner and a silent auction. During the meeting the new Ohio State banner was dedicated and displayed for the first time. The members of the Cincinnati Basha and the Ohio Department have made plans to serve coffee in the meeting room prior to business sessions at the National reunion. I think that this will help considerably in getting the business sessions started on time, since it will do away with the problem of trying to get a quick cup of coffee at the local coffee shop.

I hear from Ray Kirkpatrick that twenty-two Basha members and their ladies took part in the big Chinese New Year parade in San Francisco on February 24th, complete with costumes and a float. Those of you who participated in the Puja Parade through San Francisco's Chinatown last August, and witnessed the thousands of

spectators in attendance then will appreciate the fact that the San Francisco Basha is doing their part in keeping the CBI patch in the public eye. They estimate that in the past two years, over 500,000 people have seen the CBI patch on parade in San Francisco alone. The Dhobi Walla Basha of Seattle is planning to participate in the Fourth of July parade at the coming World's Fair. I am sure that many of the Bashas will be doing the same in their own local communities. Taking part in activities such as these are one of our best forms of advertising and should serve to strengthen our ranks. I have received many inquiries about CBIVA from potential members in all sections of the country, who have just heard about the group.

On March 24th we plan to attend a dinner, dance and party of the Chicago Basha. It will be held at the Officers Club, O'Hare Airport Military Base, and will be a joint meeting with the Illinois Wing of the Air Force Association. Installation of AFA Officers will take place at this meeting and since many of their members are eligible for CBI membership, I hope to be able to sign up several of them at this meeting.

On March 31st we have been invited to Philadelphia for a get-together with CBIs in that area. In spite of the long ride, we are looking forward to this trip, remembering what a good time we all had when the National Reunion was there. On April 28th the Iowa Spring meeting will be held in Amana. I hear from Ray Alderson that the Amana Charity Ball will be held the night before the meeting, so if any of you CBIs find it possible to arrive a day early I know you should be assured of a good time.

I am quite disappointed in the lack of interest and response in regard to the new Youth Group. My boys are no longer included in the Youth Group, but I am sure that, if they were young enough, they would have some very definite ideas about their activities at a National Reunion. You parents of younger children, send their names, ages and birth dates to the chairman, Diane Doucette, 6232 Washington Circle, Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin. You teenagers, write direct to Diane, giving your name, age and birth date, and any ideas or suggestions as to what you would like to do at the National Reunion. This doesn't necessarily mean that you will be attending the reunion this year in Buffalo. This information can be put on file for use at future reunions. I am sure that Diane is anxious to do a good job, but she is helpless without your cooperation. The National Board meeting is scheduled for May 5th in Buffalo, at which time final plans will be made for the reunion there in August, so get your ideas to Diane right away.

Salaams,  
GEORGE L. MARQUARDT

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—Eds.





#### Invitation to All

● Theodore R. Getman, 1962 Buffalo Basha commander, and his lovely wife, Ozzie, are inviting all CBers to the 15th annual CBIVA reunion August 8 through 11 at the Lafayette Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Ted and Ozzie, as the Getmans are affectionately known to everyone in the Buffalo and Rochester Bashes, are two wonderful folks who inspire enthusiasm among all members in the area. Ted was voted "Man of the Year" in 1961 at Hotel Buffalo. He is associated with the Erie Paving Co., Buffalo Better Business Bureau, and also takes part in various activities in Clarence Center, N. Y., where Ted and Ozzie and six little Getmans live. Ted's brother, Dave, is secretary to the mayor of the city of Buffalo.

F. C. KAROLEWSKI,  
West Seneca, N. Y.

#### Taps for Two

● Two more of our former 82nd Repair Squadron men have passed on, according to information I've received recently. They are Ralph Thornton of California, formerly of Blue Earth, Minn., in 1958; and Ralph Thaddeus of Sacramento, Calif., last September.

LEO BIALEK,  
Inverness, Mont.

#### Iowa Basha Meeting

● The spring meeting of the Iowa Basha will be held at Amana on Saturday, April 28. All CBI vets from surrounding states are welcome to attend. National CBIVA Commander George Marquardt will be there to address the group, and will also show the hour-long sound film, "Stilwell Road." Amana refreshments will be on hand for the social hour in the afternoon. There will also be a tour of the Amana colony with Sahib Fritz Marz as guide. Dinner will be at Bill Leichsenring's Ox-Yoke Inn. Highlights of the business session will be the election of officers and selection of the location for the fall meeting. There will be a dance in the evening, with door prizes offered. Photos will be taken of Iowa CBI vets for the basha memorial photo album. Those who can come a night early are invited to attend the Amana PTA dance at the Royale Ballroom between Amana and Cedar Rapids Friday night, April 27, with music by Joey Paradiso's Band. An Amana freezer will be given away, and Sahib Bill Leichsenring is chairman.

RAY ALDERSON,  
Dubuque, Iowa

#### Joe T. Ross

● Joe T. Ross, a member of the Gen. George W. Sliney Basha of CBIVA, died here February 17. During World War II he was a crew chief flying the Hump in CBI. In civilian life he published several veterans' papers, programs, etc., and was national public relations officer of the Regular Veterans Association. He gave both Ex-CBI Roundup and CBIVA lots of good publicity in all those papers before the 1961 reunion in San Francisco.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### Don C. Wiley

● Don C. Wiley, 60, former newspaper man and veteran aviation authority, died recently at Presbyterian Medical Center in San Francisco. He had worked for newspapers in Washington, D. C., New York, San Francisco, San Diego, Honolulu, Tokyo and Bangkok, and had been interested in aviation since 1927. During World War II he was head of a propaganda analysis unit of the Office of War Information and served in India directing a psychological warfare team.

H. B. HARTE,  
Oakland, Calif.



SKIN of a 24-foot python killed at Sahmaw, Burma. Photo by Leroy Hendrickson.



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